

The Student's Pen

Senior
Dance
Number



Pittsfield
High School



Vol. VI.

No. 5

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Dance
Number



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High School



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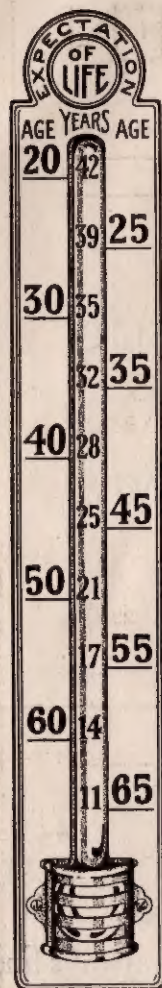
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- 40 when the period of accumulation has been reached. The importance of conservation of funds and energy is then apparent. With the majority, at
- 45 the whirl of commercial life begins to lose its momentum. Upon reaching the age of
- 50 the hand which has held the lever is gradually loosened, and at
- 55 the details must of necessity be left to others, and finally at
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The STUDENT'S PEN

Founded 1893

Published Monthly by the Students of Pittsfield High School, Pittsfield, Massachusetts.

Vol. VI

APRIL, 1921

No. 5

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EDITORIALS

Co-operation

Much more so than ever before, we hear today of big things,—things that, outlined against the horizon of time, take on huge proportions. The great war is a lasting example of this. In the commercial world, too, feats are performed today in a commonplace fashion, which, seen in the light of yesterday, would appear immense. This condition is merely because we have become accustomed to such actions. In looking over the truly great things of the day, we perceive a something which stands out in clear relief against the background of these performances. That something is co-operation.

What part of these accomplishments of mankind could have been performed without the help of this mighty power? The answer is altogether too apparent. In all parts of the civilized world, whether it be upon the scorching sands of the Sahara or in the land of the midnight sun, co-operation is vital to the success of any undertaking. It is the secret of man's triumphs over almost overwhelming odds in all the branches of industry. It is the power which gave birth to the pyramids of Egypt, which made possible the Panama Canal and which, above all, has preserved that great gift of our forefathers, liberty.

It is this power which will give to Pittsfield High School a paper of which the students will be proud, which will be recognized as worthy of representing this city. In consequence, we ask you, Fellow Students, to give to the "Pen" that kind of co-operation which will create a prosperous paper. We ask you to support it and take pride in it. If you do, its success is assured.

As the "Student's Pen" needs the co-operation of the students so does it need sorely the loyal support of the men who have helped make Pittsfield what it is. Mr. Business Man, we ask *your* co-operation and support, for, with this issue, a new policy is put into operation, that of having the paper printed in Pittsfield. We desire your help, not with the idea of charity but with the idea of sound business sense. We wish you to feel that when you advertise in the "Student's Pen," you will realize something from it and we pledge to support those who support us. Give us your co-operation and watch us succeed.

The Student's Pen was first published on the seventh of December, 1893. It ran until 1900, and then stopped because of financial difficulties. In 1916 it was started again, and has been published at more or less regular intervals since then. The Student's Pen seems to have been the first official paper of the school. But an editorial of an 1894 issue (partially quoted in the Pen of January 1916),

speaks of an article in the Delphian Oracle. This paper was not widely circulated, but passed among the pupils of the school. It was printed in "quaint hieroglyphics" and tied with blue and white ribbon. But the names of the editors were not given. In the Delphian Oracle was "a touching reference to the 'Shutesville Monthly,' another of the ephemeral journals of the Pittsfield High School, which rose, waxed strong, and pined away as the mists of the morning before the rising sun. And in the same editorial, "We learn," says the Oracle, "that our grand English tongue is constantly set aside in our schools to make room for a little barbarous French, French that would drive a Frenchman into hysterics." But it is difficult to find much concerning the Oracle now, and copies of the first year of the Student's Pen are not to be had unless they possibly may be found in private collections.

It is amusing to read, in the issue of April, 1894, such an article as that on the value of the Bicycle for exercise, as such an advance over the velocipede; or a trip to the Statue of Liberty, which the inhabitants of New York City were wont to refer to as "The Tin Woman." In 1897 an account was given of the mechanism and thrill of "Shooting the Chutes," one of the most novel and exciting creations of Coney Island. In an issue of the same year is a brief history of Pittsfield's street railway system which in 1886 consisted of a three mile horse-car line, and in 1891 was converted into an electric line. On the page of original verse one finds quaint, rhymed translations of Vergil.

In those years from 1893 to 1900, the Pen maintained a live interest in politics and affairs of the day. Staff members attended temperance meetings, promoted "no-license" in the Pen and advocated voting on the part of the "young ladies" in class meeting. They said "Today there is scarcely a position of any sort that woman cannot fill competently. Why cannot she be satisfied without raising such a hue and cry about Woman's Rights?" Throughout the Venezuelan trouble, the Pen advised and discussed, and finally complimented England and America on their successful arbitration of the affair. It would have been well for the world if a little prophecy in that connection had come true;—"it is very likely that before long we shall see a court established between the two countries. If two of the greatest nations consent to do this, the others will probably not lag long behind."

In an editorial of 1895 "Three years ago the Pen started on its life journey, a rather small but excellently managed paper, and it has been growing steadily ever since." It was a very well conducted paper, with a literary taste that seems to have been lost in the interim between 1900 and 1916. They had an unusually fine and interesting exchange department. In 1894 there were ninety papers on their exchange list, and for 1896 over 140 "from Maine to California, and from Minnesota to Texas." The first volume of eight numbers cost \$360. Only 300 of the 4,500 copies were unsold, and a balance of \$32 and uncollected bills remained. The selling price of the Pen varied from five to ten cents. The Pen was printed in two columns on a larger sheet than now used. While the bulk of the work was to fall to the board, contributions from classmen were politely solicited. The commencement number of June 1896 says, "The pupils of the Pittsfield High School have entrusted to you the privilege of representing them before the 200

schools and academies associated by school journalism. The retiring board feels sure that you will not permit the light of Pen's star to grow dimmer in the slightest degree, but will carry on our paper to the standard bearer's place, in the front rank. If ever we feel that our Pen is not worth while it is well to remember what we owe to those who upheld it in the first years of its existence.

During the past few years the Student's Pen has been issued more or less regularly. When the idea of renewing the school paper was first conceived by Mr. Carey, at that time head of the English Department, much concern was felt over the outcome of such an undertaking. However, the tireless effort of the paper's first faculty advisor made it an assured success.

Of late we who have been responsible for the paper have been remiss in our duty. Conscious of our short comings, and with hopes for the future, we are publishing this month the largest paper that the school has issued for several years, in the hope that the student body will appreciate the Pen, and help to make our next number and each succeeding one better than that of the previous month. Do not content yourselves, you students of P. H. S., with a rapid scanning of each number's pages. Stir up the muse within yourselves and help the weary board of editors with contributions. Send us anything that is original, and be assured that whatever comes to us will be given the circulation due it.

The Board of Editors wish to bring to the attention of Pen readers that the policy of the paper has been changed. This change is not merely an attempt to divert attention from the present condition of the Pen but it is a determined effort to bring up the standing of the High School Paper.

Under the supervision of the English department, the Pen will be issued regularly on the last Friday of every month. The next issue of the Pen will be devoted to the City of Pittsfield, to its industries and to its history. The Board of Editors will appreciate any articles dealing with Pittsfield. Help us boost Pittsfield in our next issue.



Nancy's Generosity

School at the Norton Seminary had just begun for the second term. All the girls, together with their teachers, were back from the Christmas holidays ready for work. Girls were to be seen in all the corridors, running up and down stairs, wishing their friends and acquaintances luck for the coming year.

Suddenly, as Miss Percival, the principal, stepped out of her room, there was a scurry in the side hall, and two girls, arm in arm, nearly collided with the stately lady in grey. She passed on with a disapproving glance in their direction and the girls continued the eager discussion which she had interrupted. They made a pretty picture as they laughed with one another. Nancy Brown, so tall and slender, and Helen Lee, short and very tiny. They were as different in disposition as in appearance.

Nancy Brown lived in South Carolina where it is warm most of the year around. Her father owned a large cotton plantation and she was used to being waited on, as he kept any number of colored servants. Father, mother and big brother Tom, all petted Nancy until she was a little spoiled. She was such a pretty girl, too with her golden brown curls and her frank blue eyes.

Helen Lee had been fond of Nancy from their first day at school. She lived in Cheyenne, Wyoming, on a cattle ranch. Her father was poor, as he had had hard luck with some of his cattle. Her mother was dead so it was especially hard for the family to get along with no one to manage affairs at home, except ranchmen. Helen was a great favorite with all "the boys," as her father called his men, and they waited willingly for their pay, preferring that when her father had money he should send it to Helen at school rather than pay them promptly. Everyone at school wondered that Helen and Nancy were such friends, for Helen with her chubby, freckled face and ill-fitting clothes did not look like the sort of girl with whom Nancy Brown would associate. However, the girls had never been known to quarrel about anything, so you can see that they must have been good chums.

This particular afternoon the cause of their excited discussion was the prize of twenty-five dollars which the English teacher had offered for the best essay written before a certain date in February. It was natural that both girls should work hard to win this money. Nancy wanted it, for she realized how pleased her father and mother would be. How proud they would be of her if she should get it! Helen wanted it, for she knew her father would be in need of funds and twenty-five dollars would help a great deal. Although his letters were always cheerful, she could read between the lines and tell how things really were at the little brown house out in the West.

The next day they started to work in earnest, and it was a question with the teacher as to which of the two would secure the prize, for the essays of all the other members of the class were out of question when compared with the work of Helen and Nancy. They were alike in this one respect if not in others;—they both liked to write. One morning Helen said that it was queer that she had not received her weekly letter from home, but she thought that it had been missent. At the end of the afternoon session, however, a telegram came for her, saying her father was very ill and she must return home at once.

Nancy was the first to hear of Helen's sorrow. At once the thought of the prize flashed into her mind. Knowing the circumstances of the Lee family, Nancy realized that Helen needed the money a great deal more than she did. Still it was hard to give up the idea of seeing her father's happiness when she showed him the gold that she earned herself. Suddenly she remembered two lines of "The Vision of Sir Launfall" which they had just been studying in school—

"Not what we give, but what we share—

For the gift without the giver, is bare."

Her teacher had said that knights were not the only ones who could be generous.

Here was a chance for her to do something. She decided that she would purposely misspell a few words on her essay, for if she did so, she could not get the prize.

Before Helen left for home the next day, she copied her essay and handed it in, and Nancy did the same.

A few weeks later the principal announced that Helen was the girl who had earned the prize of twenty-five dollars. As she was not present, it had been sent to her with the congratulations of the school.

A few days after Nancy arrived home for her mid-year vacation, she received a letter from Helen saying that her father was so much better, she would be back for the next term. She mentioned receiving the prize but said she thought Nancy should have received it, as her essay was much better. But Nancy only smiled.

—E. Hackebeil, '23.

The Princess' Glove

Long, long ago when the stars were young and the sun was much brighter and warmer than it is now, there lived a beautiful, beautiful princess, who was sought by many suitors from nearby countries. This princess loathed all the princes, who were essaying to win her pleasure—all for one small reason. She hated a man with large hands. So one day she issued a proclamation that she would take as her husband any man who could wear one of her dainty gloves.

Now it happened in that same country there lived another beautiful girl, but she was not a princess. This girl, whom we may call Alberta, lived with her mother in a small hut in the woods. These two had barely enough to eat. One day when Alberta was in the nearby village begging for food for her starving mother, she saw the Princess' Proclamation. Presto! an idea came to her!

Not waiting to beg for more food, she hastened back to lay her wonderful scheme before her mother.

One day not long after, there came knocking at the palace gate, a youth, beautiful to be sure, but with shabby, oh, how shabby clothes! He told the gate guardsman that he had come to see if his hand would fit the Princess' glove. He placed his hand beside the guard's, who drew back in astonishment for the youth's hand was scarcely half the size of his. Ah! here at last was a suitor whom the dear Princess would accept despite his rags. He conducted the youth to the Princess' boudoir.

Needless to say, this youth was none other than our friend Alberta. With her long black hair carefully tucked under a boy's cap and with her slender boyish figure, she certainly looked a handsome youth. Most fortunate of all her hand was very small and dainty!

Of course such a small hand could not help but fit the Princess' glove. The Princess was overjoyed for she had liked the comely youth from the very first, despite rags. Immediately she ordered the marriage feast to be prepared for the next week.

During the days that followed no one, not even the Princess or her courtiers could induce this lucky youth to remove his cap. He explained this peculiarly by saying that his fairy godmother had placed it on and told him that while he wore it, good luck would be his.

Finally the day set for the marriage arrived. The youth was presented with a princely robe to wear but no cap. When he appeared before the Princess he wore his old battered cap. The Princess on seeing this asked, "Will you grant me one favor, my-almost-husband?"

Of course he could answer only "yes." Before he could divine her intention that wily little Princess had snatched off the cap. Behold! down fell Alberta's raven black hair.

All the company started back in amazement and horror—except the Princess. She jumped up and down and cried "A sister! A sister! Now I need never marry. My sister and I shall rule forever. The feast is ready let us all sit down and celebrate my finding a sister and not a horrid, old husband."

—Margaret Pease, '21.

At the End of the Rainbow

Arid Arizona is seldom blessed with rain but on this day the flood gates of the heavens had opened and deluged the parched earth. The water, mixing with the mud of the road which led from Coronado City to the ranches of the surrounding country, made a layer of soft ooze about four inches deep. Approaching through this dreary landscape, bobbed a gray blot. Slowly, as it drew nearer, it took on the outlines of a bedraggled man astride a plodding horse. This cowboy was Elmer Grey, owner of the little Two-Bar ranch.

His thoughts were gloomy as he swayed in the saddle in rhythm with the rolling of the pony. That very morning, in the cheerful sunshine, he had started for Coronado City, carrying the money to pay the quarterly interest on his ranch that he ran, aided by one ranch hand. In town the temptations to spend

proved too great for him to resist and now here he was riding along in the down-pour without a dollar in his pocket and the interest unpaid. Even the weather had turned against him.

A cross-road appeared from the bottom of the road. When it reached this the weary horse stopped, undecided which way to turn. The cessation of the jogging motion drew Elmer from his gray reverie. He took this opportunity to roll a cigarette. The cigarette, lighted, he glanced about him, preparing to proceed. His glance fell on the dirty white post at the intersection of the roads.

There, on a poster, blazed the numerals and letters in bold type,

\$5,000 REWARD

Enough to place Elmer on his feet again! Interested he moved nearer and saw a picture of a bold, bad Westerner of the typical stage robber class. Briefly the information was to the effect that one Black Bill had held up the tellers of the Canon City bank and escaped with much funds after killing the cashier. For his apprehension—dead or alive—the reward of \$5,000 would be given.

While Elmer was digesting this he had the feeling that some one other than he was looking at the placard. He turned and gazed full into a pair of hard blue eyes of a man a few paces behind him. This stranger was clean shaven and across his lips a scornful smile of derision curled.

"That 'ud be a pretty good description of me if it wer'n't fer the whiskers," he called to Elmer.

But Elmer, being rather short-tempered after his late bereavement, glowered at the stranger and assented with a short "Yes."

The man then wished him a cheerful good-day and, clucking to his horse, continued on his way.

While watching him depart Elmer examined him more carefully, for a stranger is somewhat of a curiosity in the cow country. By the roll attached to the saddle he guessed that the stranger was carrying his baggage with him like a trooper.

"Mos' likely lookin' for a job," commented Elmer and then let his eyes peruse the poster again.

"A white scar about an inch long, extending from the right-hand corner of the lip towards the chin."

Elmer read this sentence again. Light burst upon him. The cause for that derisive smile was now apparent. The half-boasting comparison between himself and the placard became clear. The longer he compared the stranger and the description on the poster the more convinced he was that he had made the acquaintance of Black Bill. He was decided. Giving the whip to his jaded mount he sped off in pursuit.

The rain had stopped and the sun, once more smiling upon the earth, made a wonderful rainbow. A novelty to Arizona!

"May it bring good luck," thought Elmer as he followed it with his eyes. "I've heard it told that at the end of th' rainbow there's happiness an' I'm sure a followin' it."

He was indeed following the rainbow. It's arch seemed to be swung over

the muddy road like a great vari-colored dome. Stretching into the distance, the road and the rainbow embraced.

The rainbow, fading quickly, seemed to beckon the sun to come to its rest. Slowly it descended in a red ball of solid fire and left the world a place of sombre shadows clad in purple and gray. Still Elmer urged on the pony to a faster pace. Darkness might destroy his chances of trapping his quarry and—he needed that \$5,000.

It was just getting dusk when, after he had followed the stranger across ranges and over hills far from the road, a squat, little cabin, cheerfully lighted and smoke drifting idly from its chimney, arose before his trail.

The retreat of the bandit or banditti! Dismounting Elmer warily approached the dwelling, loosening his .45 as he walked. Suddenly a scream of terror and aversion shattered the stillness of the cool, blue night. The very unexpectedness of it rooted Elmer to the spot, his blood congealing in his veins. A muffled curse and a thud of some falling, heavy object followed. Elmer Grey hesitated no longer and drawing his gun he leapt to the door and threw it open.

"So", he rasped out as he covered the man with a steady hand. "Our bank robber would turn woman robber too, it seems."

In the one room of the cabin were comfortable, tidy furniture. A bed, a table, chairs and shelves lined with miscellaneous goods and a stove constituted the principal part of its furnishings. The room once clean and neat now was in confusion.

Grasping in his burly arms a half fainting girl, stood the stranger whom Elmer sought.

"You thief! You black skunk! Let her loose! Place her on that bunk over thar an'—be careful." Elmer's voice cracked like a snapping whip.

"You—meddler," breathed the stranger or Black Bill, still winded with his struggle with the girl. "You interferin' long-nosed, baby gun-man of a cow-boy, get out of here or—"

"Cut out th' talk. An' I'll take that gun if you please. Don' get nervous. I'd sure hate t' cheat the rope of you."

Elmer secured one gun that hung low about the waist of Black Bill, killer style, and proceeded to place it in his holster. Clever, in his trade, the bandit snapped a small .32 into his hand from his coat sleeve. Elmer felt the danger and levelled his .45. An instant too late! Both guns seemed to roar at the same second. A darkness, a black voice engulfed Elmer and he felt himself dropping, dropping—. A staccato noise jarred him but did not arrest the coming of oblivion.

"Stranger—stranger. Speak to me. Oh, please, please, God, let him awake."

Light! Consciousness, returned slowly to Elmer. Uncomprehendingly at first his glance roamed about the room. The unfamiliar surroundings revived him like a shock from an unexpected bath of cold water. By his bedside a head of thick coiled, dark bronze hair was bowed. The slim shoulders of the owner were shaking with sobs.

Partly because of the natural embarrassment of a man at the sight of a woman

in tears and partly because of a sudden feeling of pity welled within him, he gently patted the bowed head. The girl started and lifted her head. Catching his hand between her two small, moist ones she lifted a pair of cool, gray, tear-washed eyes and looked him full in the face. Her beauty amazed Elmer.

"I'm so glad, so glad, you're *all right* now. I was afraid." She whispered. "Alone with him."

Elmer glanced into the further corner of the room at Black Bill sitting in a chair, hands and feet securely bound. Then the details of his last few conscious moments stormed him.

"How—how did he—"

"Yes, he almost was the master of the situation last night," said the girl, anticipating Elmer's question. "You see, I had to do something and luckily my hand touched the revolver I always keep near my bed and so—I—I shot him—just wounded him a little bit. He lost his senses though."

"Oh, it was horrible. I'll never forget that night, you—and him—lieing on the floor, so cold and still."

"You poor, brave, little girl." Elmer whispered gently—and tenderly patted her head.

"The rest seems like a night-mare to me now. First I tied him up over there and then I managed to put you on the bed after doing the best I could with that terrible wound you received in the shoulder. And then I guess I must have fallen asleep in that rocking chair over there. I tried so hard to watch all night but it was too much for me."

A fresh flow of tears racked those slender, trouble burdened shoulders.

"What are we going to do? We can't all stay here."

This was a serious problem. Elmer knew they couldn't all stay in that cabin. Silently he cursed the luck that had made him a captive to a wound, unable to do anything. He cursed the bandit who was probably cursing him. The question was too much and Elmer wearily fell back on the pillow.

The girl arose and began to prepare some kind of a breakfast in an abstracted manner. Elmer regarded her. He noticed her fair beauty and wondered what chance had made her to dwell alone in this lonely land. He admired her pluck and courage during this trouble.

"Miss—" he called.

"Mary. Mary Anderson, if you please," as she approached him, half smiling for the first time since Elmer saw her. He decided he liked her immensely when she smiled.

"Would it be too much if I asked you why you live here. Do you live alone." he asked kindly.

"No. I am glad to tell you. This is my home and I do live here alone. I used to live in Coronado City until my father died. All he had in this world to give me was this cabin and several hundred acres surrounding it. So I came up here to live. I make things and do dressmaking for many of the women in the City." Elmer nodded understandingly and she busied herself about her tasks again.

A thousand fancies rushed through Elmer's brain. \$5,000 reward. His

ranch clear of debt—and, maybe, she would consent to be mistress of it. His mind lingered on these rose-dreams until he was lifted from his fancying by a sharp cry, suddenly cut short.

Black Bill, having freed himself from the ropes fastened by the untrained fingers of the girl, thrust Mary out of his path and stood over Elmer with a triumphant smile on his leering features. Elmer attempted to rise but he had to fall back, a little moan escaping from his lips.

"So ho, my long-nosed cowboy. Rest easy. I guess your scratch is a little worse'n mine. Now let's talk business. Had I better kill you an' take th' girl," he pointed toward the fear-stricken girl, "with me, or leave you here to starve."

"You wouldn't dare, you wouldn't just dare." Elmer choked, boiling in a helpless rage.

"I wouldn't hey. I'd like t' know who's goin' t' stop me. Let's have a look at your shoulder, big boy."

He grasped the helpless man roughly and tore the bandage from the livid wound. Elmer repressed a cry of pain that rose to his lips. If only he had his strength for one blessed moment! He would tear this beast apart limb from limb.

The watching girl in the corner breathed a cry of pity.

"Don't. Can't you see you're hurting him."

Black Bill turned with a snarl.

"Don't plead fer him. Save it for yourself. You'll need it."

Laughing mockingly he began to draw near to her, his blazing eyes upon her face. She fell back step by step shrinking from his clutch.

"Don't you touch me, you brute," she cried.

"Ha, my lady-bird, you sure do use loving words."

He gave a great laugh and grasped her, clawing and biting in his arms. The man on the bed sprang up with quick energy only to sink to the floor.

"What's this," a voice demanded imperatively from the doorway.

Black Bart flung the disheveled figure of the girl from him and faced the speaker. His hand dropped to his hip in search of his gun.

"Don't do that. It's dangerous," the sheriff of Coronado City drawled.

Black Bill surrendered.

That afternoon the sheriff, Elmer Gray and Mary Anderson sat in conversation. A doctor from the city had visited, and after bandaging the wound, had said that Elmer could be moved with care that day. They had just finished telling the story of the night.

The sheriff spoke:

"Th' reward's your'n, Gray, an' ha'f goes to this plucky, little woman here. You'll both have to come t' th' city an' get it."

Elmer stole a look at Mary and found—that she was looking at him. Recklessly he felt that this was the time to risk all. His lips formed the silent question. She blushed. The sheriff, who was placidly smoking his pipe, noticed nothing unusual. "Elmer will go down and get all the reward, sheriff," she said sweetly.

"Eh! What's that?" the sheriff asked. "Where do you come in."

"Sheriff, can you marry us?" asked Elmer.

"Not now, but I'm off t' town an' when I come back I'll bring a marriage license and witnesses," and saying these words he strode out.

A week later, a soft, Western moon, looking down on old Arizona, bathed the Two-Bar ranch in a tender glow. On the wide verandah sat two persons in close proximity. The voice of the bigger person floated on the still night air:

"An' so I followed th' rainbow an' at the end I found happiness."

—John T. Hopper.

The Van Dyke Pearls

He was a very homely, roly-poly little dog, this Pershing. Just the kind of pup that most fellows want to have tag them around all day; but not at all the sort of animal you would expect to find at the Van Dyke Manor on the Hill. But know you that young Sylvester Dean Van Dyke, Jr., was possessed of truly normal boy characteristics in spite of family crest and traditions, so when this nameless and homeless puppy scratched for admittance one stormy night, the lad begged so hard for the shivering little animal, that his parent, with a lift of aristocratic eye-brows, consented.

Pershing had been at the Manor for almost two months before a most unusual occurrence took place. It all began with the departure of young Sylvester with his mother for a days trip to the city. Of course, Pershing must stay behind. No sooner had the enormous door swung into place, than the spirit of adventure began to seize our canine hero. He raced merrily around his mater's room, chewing on books and tearing up rugs. Then, after a fruitless search for something different, he whined:

"Ow-w! Wuff! Wuff! Wuff!"

Which, being translated in true Caesar fashion, meant:

"Oh, for new worlds to conquer!" Fate, however, was with him. Someone had left the door ajar. Pershing's bright eyes soon spied it and like a flash he sped down the long hall. It was early yet and he encountered no one. Inquisitively he wandered from one room to another until at last he entered the boudoir of Mrs. Sylvester Dean Van Dyke. Such a flurry of dainty things strewn on chairs and couches! Without further delay, he jumped upon the bed, eager to begin his play. Lo, he landed on a soft furry lump!

"Me-o-w! Ss! Ss! Ss!"

With all the agility belonging to Persian kittens, Pom Pom, Mrs. Van Dyke's own treasure, leaped from her downy cushions straight to the dressing table, a short space away. Here she crouched, among Djerkiss toilet accessories, her green eyes alight with fear. Pershing started in pursuit. Down flew the cat, but in her jump, she dragged something with her. It was a small bag of softest silk, and from the open end hung a long string of lovely, glowing white globules. Another plaything! Catching the silken bag in his teeth, he resumed his chase after Pom Pom, the neckless of delicate balls clicking softly against one another.

It was a long chase which the indignant kitten gave Pershing, and it made

him very breathless for he persistently clung to the bag. At last he cornered her on the roof over the kitchen porch. Nearer and nearer he drew, mischief flashing in his eyes. Further and further away backed the kitten until, finally with a pitiful cry, she turned and jumped, trusting that some of her nine lives would still be with her when she reached the court beneath. Pershing rushed to the edge of the roof. There below, Pom Pom picked herself up and scampered away to safety.

Our hero was about to raise his voice in a howl of disappointment when something else occurred. The long cord of glowing spheres, which during the race had been dangling further and further from its receptacle, now slid gently from the bag—down,—down, until with a tiny splash, it slipped into a large pan, filled with a golden liquid. Now, indeed, did Pershing lift his voice in sorrow. This gaining him nothing, he slowly made his way back to his master's rooms.

There was great excitement in the Van Dyke Manor on the Hill. The Van Dyke pearls had disappeared! The master's aristocratic eye brows glowered. The lady wept hysterically. Detectives and plain-clothes men held whispered consultations. Matilda, the trusted French maid, told a story of having left the precious heirloom on the dressing table before locking it in the wall safe, to answer a call from the first floor. An absence of "ze deux minutes!" Some one found the slightly battered silk bag on the roof of the kitchen porch. There was nothing else to report—except perhaps, the slight annoyance of the detective who, in searching the ground beneath the said porch roof ran his foot against a pan of vinegar which the cook had put out to cool early in the morning. He swore softly. Vinegar is not pleasant to have splashed on one, to say the least.

Upon young Sylvester Dean Van Dyke's bed, one small puppy, Pershing by name, lay sleeping contentedly on a soft cushion. He was a very stupid little dog. He didn't even know what a pearl was. How could he know, anyway, the interesting fact that if the most beautiful and costly pearl in the world should chance to be placed in vinegar for only a few hours, the acid in the liquid would dissolve it?

—Janet E. Burt, '21.

What Ailed Bill!

Everyone knew that something was the matter with Bill Shannon, but nobody knew what that "something" was. He seemed to be ill, but the symptoms of this illness were, indeed, new to all his family. He would sit around the house for hours, dreaming, and his mind always seemed to be far away. He very seldom talked and he never remembered where he left anything. For two weeks Bill had been acting queerly and Mrs. Shannon was worried. One day her younger son announced his intention of solving the mystery.

Monday afternoon Bill carefully brushed his hair, changed his shirt and collar, and selected his tie with care. Then putting on his best coat and hat, he was ready to go out. George, watching him from under the bed, got a clue.

Just before leaving his room Bill looked all around, then walked quickly to the end of the room, lifted the corner of the rug and took from under it a small

key. With this he opened a little drawer in his desk and took out what looked to George like a picture. He couldn't tell for sure, as the leg of the bed was in his way and he didn't dare move.

After looking at the picture for some time, Bill's head suddenly seemed to collide with it, then he placed it back in the drawer, which he locked, and returned the key to its place of safety.

Even when Bill left the room, George did not move from under the bed until he heard the front door open and close. Then he got up and walked cautiously to the secret hiding place. He soon had the drawer opened and was looking at the picture. It was that of a very pretty girl and on the back was written "From Mary."

George looked at the picture for some time, then suddenly he began to grin.

"Good night!" he said aloud. "He's in love! He must have been kissing the picture." At this thought his grin changed to a look of disgust.

Returning the picture and key to their proper places, George went down stairs straight into the kitchen, where he knew his mother could be found.

"Well, mumsey," he said, "You can stop worrying over Bill, for I've found out what ails him. He's sick, sure enough, but nothing serious. That is, he will recover without seeing a doctor,—altho the recovery may be painful."

"What are you talking about, son?" asked Mrs. Shannon. "I don't understand at all."

So George told her the whole story. There was a look of deep disgust upon his face, when he arrived at the point where Bill had kissed the picture. But Mrs. Shannon thought it a good joke and she laughed heartily. George joined her as he said, "Well, it sure must be awful to be in love. I 'spect he's kissing her by now."

—Marion O'Malley, '22.

Spring in the City

We all know that in the spring the young man's fancy lightly turns to love, but spring has other effects upon the everyday life of the city man. What a boon it is to the tired business man—giving his sluggish brain a new incentive for work. Spring also lays her influence upon pupils industriously preparing for their spring examinations.

There are many signs in the city streets that herald the arrival of spring. Let us now walk down North Street and note some of these signs of spring. The first sight that meets our eye is the man across the street getting out his porch chairs, while his son is taking the family car off the jacks. A little farther on a cloud of dust gives us an unwelcome reception. But look, here comes a sprinkling cart which will soon lay the dust. As we come down North Street we notice that the Maplewood is being made ready for the summer. We now approach the Y. M. C. A. where the boys are standing around as if they too were influenced by the balmy spring air. How funny that policeman looks over there, why certainly he has a spring hat on. What is that delicious odor which fills the air? On the bridge we find the answer to our question, it is the first pop-

corn stand of the season. As we look down Eagle Street we see small boys scattered here and there playing marbles and spinning tops. In the distance we can see baseball practice under way at the Common. What a strange thing for that car to stop in the middle of the street, why of course, the traffic cop is on duty again. The store windows show their gay spring costuming and we find ourselves unable to resist their magic charm. As we circle the park we see the benches filled with pedestrians tired from their various walks. Everywhere can be seen people stepping with care to avoid the thick mud. As we proceed down South Street we notice the trees beginning to bud, the beauties of which induce us to walk just a little farther.

Now we must end our delightful walk. As we turn our steps homeward however, we too, feel refreshed with the beauties of spring.

—Eleanor Mapletoft.

Spring in the Country

Winter had reigned over the land during all the long cold months. Then spring sent her messengers to tell the Ice King that she was coming to rule the land in her gentle way. Reluctantly we saw these messengers come.

Pussy willow came out one fine, sunny morning while the snow was still on the ground. Warmly dressed was she in her gray fur coat and hood of brown. The cold blasts of the tyrant disturbed her not at all. The first robins and bluebirds commenced their songs of spring. The pink blossoms of the arbutus began to show their faces in spite of the cold. Old winter smiled slyly and went off to a hiding place. The sun shone brightly and the birds sang merrily of spring and happiness. That was just what winter expected. He came back and blew with his cold breath on all this springtime joy. The snow fell, the robins stopped their singing and hid in the deep pines. But arbutus smuggled down among the leaves and laughed in his face while pussy willow, warmly dressed in her fur coat, openly derided him. The sun forsook him and sent down her warm rays to encourage all the flowers and birds. The snow disappeared under her warm smiles and soon the robins were singing more merrily than before, and calling to all the sleepy flowers to wake up for spring had surely come.

Pussy willow threw off her dark hood and put on a bright yellow coat instead of the gray fur one. She nodded assurance to all the other flowers and begged them to hurry for she was so lonely. A trillium lifted its head boldly, while a yellow violet peeped timidly from among the dry leaves. A dainty spring beauty raised her head bravely and the anemones made a carpet of white over the pine needles. The days passed with less and less resistance from old winter. Soon the woodland looked as though a fairy had touched it with her magic wand.

Only a few weeks before all had been silent except for the noisy chatter of the squirrels and the scolding of the blue jay. But now—the bluebirds and robins and all the other early arrivals were darting to and fro, hither and thither, inspecting last year's nest, searching for a place to build a new home, and singing; singing for you and gladness, singing to awaken the flowers and to tell everyone that spring had come at last. Flowers of every color appeared in the fields

and meadows and the bold dandelion trespassed on the lawns. The leaf buds were bursting and every tree and bush seemed alive under the magic touch of spring. Everything was joyous and happy.

Old winter watched it all and struggled with all his waning strength to keep his power. But spring, with all her gentle happy ways was stronger. Winter must leave her to do her work, must go far away and let spring reign over every field and hillside. When he had gone the birds sang more sweetly and the flowers raised their heads more eagerly for then the whole land was theirs.

—Dorothy Somes, '21.

Far, far on a lonely hill
Where the sun sinks slow and still
Lives a maiden.

Soft, soft as the setting sun
The notes of her sweet song run
Like the stream.

Slow, slow as she treads along
She sings her fairy song
To the trees.

Ever she strives to see
The sky and the rumbling sea
But in vain.

Fair, fair as the starry night,
Sweet-sad in the lonely plight
Of her eyes.

—E. I. M., '21.

I've set her on a pedestal
Far from the world below,
The dearest little teacher
That one could ever know.

Her eyes are like two dark brown gems
Her smile—no earthly thing,
Her kindly air would sooth the cares
Of mortal, slave or king.

Tho she is but a tiny thing
Respect and love are due her,
And if I only were a man
I'd be the first to woo her.

M. W. '21

SCHOOL NOTES

Dr. and Mrs. Wyllis M. Monroe have returned from Bocas del Toro, Panama and are visiting at the home of Mrs. Monroe's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Bates of North Street. Mrs. Monroe was formerly Miss Marjorie Bates of the faculty.

"Joe" Fasce has left Pittsfield High and is again at Allentown Preparatory School. He will probably pitch on the Allentown baseball team this season.

Mr. Smith and Miss Baywright, representatives of the North Adams Normal School, spoke to the school March 31, on "Teaching as a Profession." About twenty members of the Senior Class, who are interested in teaching as a profession met Mr. Smith and Miss Baywright in the office after the Assembly.

Prof. Madden of the New York University School of Commerce spoke to the members of the Pittsfield School of Commerce and the Seniors of the Central High on Monday, April 11th. His talk dealt with the advantages offered by the school he represented.

Through the endeavor of Mr. Gannon, members of the school were given the opportunity to hear Dr. Donald MacMillan, the famous arctic explorer in a special assembly on Thursday, April 14th. As his time was limited, Dr. MacMillan could give only a few of his interesting adventures, but these were greatly enjoyed by the student body.

Mr. Roy M. Strout, our new principal, is a graduate of Bates College, Maine. He taught for several years in Portland before accepting the position of principal of the High School at Danvers, Mass. From Danvers, Mr. Strout has come to Pittsfield very highly recommended.

The Student's Pen welcomes our principal and assures him that the student body will give him its hearty support in the administration of the affairs of Pittsfield High School.



Glee Club Notes

Strains of the Miller's Wooing are wafted from behind the closed doors of the auditorium on Tuesday mornings. This selection, new to the members of the club, has been sung by the Pittsfield Orpheus Quartet in their concerts of the past season.

Members of the Glee Club wish to extend congratulations to Miss Marion Patten for the new tribute paid to her musical ability. "Pat" has been accompanist for the club for several years, and we feel sure that the Choral Art Society has made a wise selection in choosing her to assist its work.

Girls' League Notes

Three afternoons a week the girls of P. H. S. who are members, meet at the Girls' Club opposite Park Square.

The Leader's Squad, composed of ten girls meets every Tuesday from 2.30 to 4 o'clock. During that time, exercises on Indian clubs, the box and rings are taken up. Each member of the Squad aids in teaching grammar school students. These girls act also as judges and scorers in athletic meets.

Three hours a week are devoted to dancing, military tactics and swimming and diving exercises. Two banquets are given during the year, one to the Leader's Squad and the other to the Basket-ball team. The fact that this energetic Basket-ball team has at last defeated its old enemy Dalton, is worthy of note.

The most important event of the season is the exhibition which is to be held the 13th and 14th of May at the Boys' Club.

Those girls who have received their G. L's are Ida Viale (manager), Charlotte Wilson (captain), Marion Cooke, Etta Denison, Lucy Jacobs, Helen Lummus, Gladys Olsted and Florence Steele. Miss Isabelle Merrill has charge of all the Girls' League athletics.

Senior A Notes

Listen, my children, and you shall hear,
Of the most wonderful dance of all the year,
When all will assemble in old Masonic Hall
And surely have a good time, one and all.

Open your eyes wide and read about the best news of the year. The Senior A Class (the Class that you have heard so much about) has again planned a good time. This time it is the Senior Dance—But—

"Do you remember the Senior sleighride?
Surely you do, surely you do,
Do you remember the good time we had?
Surely you do, surely you do."

This Senior Dance will surpass in every way, any other dance, sleighride, or entertainment that we have ever given.

Think, oh ye whose feet keep time to Jazz, of dancing to the delightful strains of the Shire City Orchestra. Think of the well-spent hours between 8 and 12 on the evening of April 29th when you will have the best time you ever had.

Beforehand, let me warn you that such excuses as, "I can't dance," or "I have to be in bed at 8 P. M.," are not very acceptable, in-as-much as the old, old proverb says, "Where there's a will, there's a way."

I have not appealed to your sense of duty (every other class does that); I have not appealed to your sense of responsibility; but I do appeal to your good old New England "common sense." For "common sense" will tell you every time that such an opportunity is not offered every day for only \$1.50 a couple.

So, don't forget the *best, greatest, and only* Senior Dance.

So much for the Senior Dance. Another matter of importance to both Senior Classes is the Inter-class track meet. The class elected a committee of six to look out for the interests of the Senior Class. The members of this committee are: Marion Cooke, Charlotte Wilson, Ida Viale, Harr Hall, Charles De Blois and Roger Burns.

The Seniors intend to carry this meet off with honors, but we certainly expect competition from the other classes. In this contest we know the boys will do their part, but the girls are surely planning to do their share.

So watch the Senior boys, but keep your eyes open when you see Senior girls!

—I. R. V., '21.

Senior B

Freshmen! Sophomores! Juniors! Hark ye to this most valuable information concerning the one and only class in the school, namely that great Senior B Class, with a history unparalleled by none and with hopes for the future that shall surpass even that glorious past. For even now we are planning for the great dance, the best play ever and a graduation as brilliant as the best. This shows how foresighted we are, which probably accounts for our great success.

Hush ye now, and listen to what we've been doing in the past month. On March 11th, with our great foresightedness, we decided to get busy and purchase our class rings. Accordingly Mr. Osteyee was elected as a committee of one to

perform the necessary operation of getting prices, sizes, etc. and we must say that with his assistant, Mr. Stetson, he has done good work, and we feel sure that when the rings arrive they will be entirely satisfactory.

Then, at that same meeting it was decided that such a great class should have a banner worthy of "The Class." So, Mr. Uhrig was elected as the one best fitted to design this banner and have it made. We must say that if he does as good work on the banner (which ought to be ready in a week) as he did in decorating the Temple for the Prom, we shall be absolutely contented. When this banner arrives we intend to follow in the footsteps of our most high (?) superiors, the Senior A's, and have a lively contest to see which home room keeps the banner. Which privilege will be decided by seeing which room reaches the highest percentage in paying the class tax.

And so, we advise you to keep your eyes open and soon you will realize that the one and only class in P. H. S. is the great and glorious class of February 1922.

A. Milne, *President*

A. LeRose, *Secretary*.

Junior A Notes

Fellow Students! Stop! Look! and Listen! The Junior A Class is still in existence although many may not be aware of the fact. The first meeting of the class this year produced the following results: Mr. Larkin, Class Advisor; Theodore Kallman, President; George Emerson, Vice-President; Clara Noble, Secretary; and Blanche Bouteiller, Treasurer.

This class is now making plans for its one great event of the year, "The Junior Prom." The committee in charge is as follows: Mr. Joyce, Chairman; Miss Doyle, Miss Bouteiller, Mr. Nealon, and Mr. Glovinski.

On April 13th the Juniors assembled in the auditorium where Mr. Ford of the Commerical High, presented to us a few facts concerning athletics. Two representatives were elected to have charge of the class track team; they are Clara Noble and William Noble. It was also stated that a silver trophy would be awarded to the winning class. Perhaps the Juniors will have the honor of receiving it, nobody knows!

—Clara A. Noble, '22.

Junior B Notes

Hurrah, fellow students! At last the Junior B Class has been organized. The day was February 10, 1921. At that first meeting the following officers were elected: President, Mr. Leavitt Wood; Vice-President, Mr. Everett Lesure; Secretary, Miss Catherine Humphreville; Treasurer, Miss Mary Cooney; and Class Advisor, Mr. Andrews.

Many problems have confronted us, among the most important are class tax and class colors, which are still being discussed. On account of the latter, two meetings have been called.

continued on page 26.

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2. ONE STEP. "The Girl Who Keeps Me Guessing"
3. FOX TROT. "Love Bird"
4. FOX TROT..... "Darling"
5. WALTZ... "Mello Cello"
6. ONE STEP "I Love the Land of Old Black Joe"
7. FOX TROT. "Dance O'Maria"
8. FOX TROT..... "Kismet"
9. ONE STEP... "Happy"
10. WALTZ..... "Your Eyes Have Told Me So"
11. INTERMISSION.
12. ONE STEP. "Medley 1920"
13. FOX TROT. "Becky from Babylon"
14. FOX TROT. "Mammy"
15. ONE STEP..... "Fluffy Ruffles"
16. FOX TROT "Medley Popular Airs"
17. WALTZ. "Honolulu Eyes"

Senior Dance Committees

SENIOR DANCE COMMITTEE

HARVEY A. BROWNELL

JAMES BRAMBLE
Business Manager

WILLIAM BARNES
Assistant Manager

RECEPTION AND CHECKING COMMITTEES

MISS MARION WHITE
Chairman

NORMAN SHIPPY
Assistant Chairman

Betty Harder

Beatrice Rowan

DECORATION COMMITTEE

ROGER BURNS
Chairman

Robert Kenyon
Marion Patten
Robert Peck

Irene Bliss
Winton Patnode
Dorothy Brown

A Vote of Thanks

To the boys who offered their kind assistance in producing the Senior Dance of the June Class of 1921:

George Clough
Walter Reagan
Clarence Wheeler
Robert Kenyon

Austin Gaylord
Francis Hines
Donald Ferris
Thomas Killian

Junior B Notes (*continued from page 22*)

Our organization is young, therefore this report is small, but you may anticipate the growth of the report with the growth of the activities of this unsurpassable class.

—C. H., '23.

Report of the Freshmen A Meeting

Period A, April eighth the Freshmen A class was called to the auditorium for an athletic meeting. Mr. Ford acted as the presiding officer. He told the class about class athletics, mentioning that it might be possible to have contests between the Juniors, Seniors, Freshmen and Sophomores. He spoke in regard to tennis, basketball and baseball. He also talked on the idea of having two tennis courts in the Commercial High School yard, one of which Pittsfield High might use. Two officers were elected by secret ballot, one for the boys and one for the girls. They were George O'Brien and Helene Lummus. The meeting was then adjourned.

—Alice E. McDowell.

Freshmen B Class

We freshmen B's entered Pittsfield High School January 31, 1921. We were considered babies when we entered but the spirit of Pittsfield High School has become a very part of us.

We have attended loyally the basketball games. The athletic association was a club that was new to us when we became members of the school but without asking what it was for we gladly joined and have been one-hundred per cent. in all our payments.

The Class of 1925 has high aims for its future and our friends may expect with confidence great things from us.

—Anna Joyce.



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Pittsfield 16, St. Joseph's 15

The first game of basketball for the city championship, played at the F. M. T. A. resulted in a victory for Pittsfield. This victory was the result of hard work on the part of the whole team especially of the guards, Weltman and Dolphin and the center, Mangan.

St. Joseph's 16, Pittsfield 13

The second game of the city championship resulted in a loss for P. H. S. Although the boys worked hard, every minute of play the opponents had the edge on them and came through the winners. Mangan played well for Pittsfield as did Quinn of the winners.

Pittsfield 18, St. Joseph's of North Adams 15

The next week our boys journeyed to North Adams to play the strong St. Joseph's quintet of that city. Our team, much strengthened by the addition of O'Brien caused a surprise when they came out ahead 18-15. O'Brien and Bridges were high scorers for P. H. S. while Hawthorne scored the most points for the North Adams aggregation.

Pittsfield 12, St. Joseph's 10

As both teams had won a game the third game was played on a neutral floor, that of the Armory. Both teams battled hard for forty minutes and largely through the work of our reliable guards P. H. S. came out victorious. Besides our guards working hard, O'Brien was always there when he was needed at forward and did the most scoring. Too much praise cannot be given either team as both worked hard for a win.

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Pittsfield 23, Dalton 3

In our second game with Dalton, P. H. S. had an easy time as can be seen by the score. Our boys worked hard despite the easy time they had in winning. Again too much can not be said for the work of O'Brien who always plays a strong, clean goal.

Pittsfield 52, Sheffield 20

Our next game was another easy one. Sheffield came up here and by the way their practicing was going before the game, many were convinced that our boys were going to get a stiff battle. Their opinion was somewhat altered, however, when they saw the way our team passed around their opponents. O'Brien had his big night, scoring 34 of the 52 points. Bridges and Dannybuski also had a fair score.

Pittsfield 21, Drury 19

In the last game of the season Pittsfield defeated their old rivals, Drury, at North Adams, thus winning second place in the Northern Berkshire League. It was a hard fought game and the result was in doubt up to the minute the whistle was blown. O'Brien again starred for Pittsfield while Ericson shone, as usual, for Drury. The final score was 21-19.

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SCORES FOR THE SEASON.

<i>Pittsfield</i>		<i>Opponents</i>	
Pittsfield,	16	Adams,	24
"	49	Y. M. C. A.,	10
"	20	Dalton,	11
"	45	Chatham,	9
"	15	Stockbridge,	23
"	10	Adams,	30
"	13	Drury,	15
"	16	St. Joseph's of Pittsfield,	15
"	13	St. Joseph's of Pittsfield,	16
"	18	St. Joseph's of North Adams,	15
"	12	St. Joseph's of Pittsfield,	10
"	23	Dalton,	1
"	52	Sheffield,	20
"	37	St. Joseph's of North Adams,	19
"	21	Drury,	19
Total,	360		237

The students of Pittsfield High School can well be proud of their basketball team of the past season. Besides winning the city championship they finished second in the league, winning ten of their fifteen games.



uality

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Starting off with only one regular of last years team and two substitutes, Coach Knight turned out a wonderful team. Too much praise can not be given to the boys who spent much of their time or to Mr. Knight our faithful coach.

When Pittsfield lost "Pinky" Mangan by graduation in February, there seemed but little chance of finding a suitable man to fill his shoes. In George O'Brien a graduate of the Mercer School, however, Pittsfield High School has gained a mighty fine athlete and one who promises to successfully fill the gap left by the graduation. Entering the High School in February, just in time to play in the third and deciding game of the city championship series, O'Brien practically won the game and the championship for Pittsfield High School.

Individual scoring 1920-21:

O'Brien,	79
Bridges,	56
Mangan,	55
Dannybuski,	44
Weltman,	28
Dolphin,	20
Aaronson,	4
Burns	

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BASEBALL

Pittsfield High School 10, Kent 0

Pittsfield High opened its baseball season with a 10 to 0 win over Kent School. This is the first time any Pittsfield High team has triumphed over Kent.

Although the Kent boys were much older and heavier than the Pittsfield players they were no match for the brand of baseball displayed by the Pittsfield boys.

Pittsfield worked like a well oiled machine in the field. On the mound Garrity pitched fine ball. The heavy hitters of Kent could do nothing with his delivery.

It was at the bat that Pittsfield shone. Sanford the Kent pitcher, was hammered unmercifully.

In the first inning Pittsfield scored three runs. Bridges reached first on an error. Jacobs beat out a bunt. De Blois bunted and beat it out, O'Brien then doubled and Crown singled. Throughout the rest of the game Pittsfield High scored frequently.

Dolphin, Bridges and Jacobs fielded well for Pittsfield. At the bat O'Brien and Jacobs each connected for three hits while De Blois, Crown and Garrity had two hits.

The batteries: Pittsfield, Garrity and De Blois; Kent, Sanford and Bergen.

Pittsfield High School has practically a veteran baseball team this spring, having lost only Hunt, Gardner and Mangan by graduation. With Captain De Blois as a back stop, O'Brien at first, Bridges at second, Jacobs at short, Weltman at third, and McNaughton, Crown, Boyd and Dolphin in the outfield, the pitching staff is the only department that is worrying Coach Leonard. Pittsfield High School with its veteran line up should stand a fine chance of again winning the Northern Berkshire Pennant!!!!

The Growing Generation

will no doubt look to this agency for its insurance needs just as the fathers and mothers of the school children of to-day have done for many years. Our forty-four years of experience in the same location and under the same name will have lengthened somewhat when they are ready to buy insurance, but we hope to look after their wants just as conscientiously as we have for their parents the past two score years and more.

STEVENSON & CO.,
General Insurance
24 North Street :: Pittsfield, Mass.



In the library of our school there are many school papers. These papers bring to us news of the activities in schools throughout the country. They are for our use as a Student Body and are extremely interesting.

We acknowledge the following papers and thank the respective editors for their kind co-operation in the Exchanges:

"The Oracle," Manchester, N. H.; "The Blue and Gold," Malden, Mass.; "The Cardinal and Gray," Brandon, Vt.; "The Catamount," Bennington, Vt.; "The Crimson and Gray," Southbridge, Mass.; "The Drury Academy," North Adams, Mass.; "The Enigma," Lenox, Mass.; "The Kent Quarterly," Kent, Conn.; "The Recorder," Syracuse, N. Y.; "The Scarlet Tanager," Chatham, N. Y.; "The Senior Red and Green Year Book," Fulton, N. Y.; "S. H. S. Echoes," Springfield, Vt.; "The Talisman," Huntington, Mass.

"Let credit be given where credit is due."

"The Acorn," Roanoke, Va.—Your paper is very business like and deserves praise in all the departments. A few more cuts might improve it.

"Bangor Oracle," Bangor, Me.—Your magazine is exceedingly good. A better paper is difficult to find. Every department is well developed.

"The Crimson and White," Albany, N. Y.—Yours is a paper worthy of much praise and one in which our school is interested.

"Dean Megaphone," Franklin, Mass.—Your paper ranks among the first of those which we receive. Your advertisements show a great deal of preparation.

"The Garnet and White," West Chester, Pa.—Your Freshman Number contains some very fine jokes. We think your Freshmen are very clever.

"The Lancastonian," Lancaster, N. H.—Your literary department shows careful preparation. Your jokes could be improved.

"The Register," Burlington, Vt.—Your paper is neat and interesting.

"The Roman," Rome, Georgia—Your magazine is excellent. We are greatly interested in the activities of a school so far away and look forward to each issue.

"The Taconic," Williamstown, Mass.—Your paper is very clever. Your literary and exchange departments are exceedingly good.

A Tragedy in One Act

Scene—Myrtle Street.

Persona Dramatis—Senorita Evelyn Mapletoft, Senor Henry Barber.

Henry (passionately)—"Ah! Cara mio."

Evelyn (also feelingly)—"Carry you nothing! If you're going with me, you'll walk!"

Evening of "Engaged by Wednesday"

"Buick" Bauer—"Say, "Bea", the ending of the last act is tame, no one likes it."

"Bea" Anthony (demurely)—"I know it "Buick," but I can't help it."

"Buick" Bauer—"Well, I can."

Spectator—"And I'll say he did!"

Whether you are in School or in Business

you will find at Cooney's many articles which are of daily use to you and which you cannot well be without.

As we are headquarters for office supplies, large and small, you will always find what you are looking for and many things which will make your work much easier.

Make a point of dropping in every little while.

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or at any other time—
eat at the

Chung Wah

Chinese & American
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*First-Class Food and the
Best of Service.*

21 North Street :: :: (Up-Stairs)



Ye Poll Parrot

We'll Say So!

Betty—"How dare you!! No!!! I never kissed a man in my life!"

Barney—"Aw, don't get so stuck up about it. I never did either."

What Would Ever Happen In Room 14

If Don Ferris had nothing to do?
If Margaret Pease were noisy?
If Bob Kenyon should oversleep?
If "Ev" Mapletoft lost her mirror?
If "Cliff" Heather had to keep still?
If Betty Harder lost her smile?
If some girls didn't wear puffs?
If "Tom" Killian were ever on time?
If there was ink when you wanted it?
If everyone paid his class tax?
If Elaine Gamwell were gloomy?
If Marion Patten's hair should get mussed?
If the girls couldn't powder their noses?
If "Wint" Patnode wasn't kidding?
If Doris Humphrey said something?
If Harris Hall wasn't in a hurry?
If Irene Messier wasn't worrying?
If "Bob" Peck lost his glasses?
If John Hopper wasn't dreaming?
If somebody started vamping?
If there wasn't Algebra to do?
If Miss Converse wasn't?

Statistics from last Junior Prom

Number of girls at Prom,	103
Like to dance,	103
Can dance,	41
Think they are good looking,	103
Are good looking,	9
Have dark hair,	41
Have light hair,	52
Have changeable hair,	10
Don't believe in kissing,	103
Like to be kissed,	103
Promised to have him "up",	96
Did have him "up",	6
Have a good "line",	2
Think they have a good "line",	96
Can't think at all,	5
Souvenir collectors,	103
Like their own partners,	6
Like somebody else's partner,	97
Hint to be asked again,	103
Are asked again,	0

JACK TAR TOGS

For High School Girls

**Middies, Middy Dresses, Bloomers, Skirts of
Cotton and Wool Materials**



JACK TAR TOGS are economy garments. The materials, workmanship, style, fast colors, together with our guarantee to give satisfaction in wear and wash, make them thrifty clothes to buy.

They are made for little tots, growing girls, and misses in smart designs that embody both service and quality.

ENGLAND BROTHERS

Radio Enthusiasts! Attention!

Have you heard those radiophone concerts that KDKA (Pittsburgh) broadcasts every night between 8:30 and 9:30?

Bring these organ recitals, lectures, sermons and concerts to your own home at little cost.

Radio Headquarters for Berkshire County.

"Everything from Antenna to Ground"

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77 Eagle Street, Pittsfield, Mass.

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THIS store is as evidently wholesome as the two halves of a solid apple—you'll find no soft spots to be investigated—no worms of suspicion lurking in unseen corners. The quality of our goods, our efficient service and fair prices are plainly visible to everyone. We satisfy our customers—that's why our business continues to grow.

*Think of us when you want
good hardware.*

**BARRIS - KENYON
COMPANY
HARDWARE**

Hold Up Your Right Hand —and— Make this Resolution.

"I will this year start a savings account and add to it regularly.

"I will start on the path to prosperity and happiness by allowing nothing to interfere with this purpose.

"I will deposit my savings with the Pittsfield Co-operative Bank, where they will earn 5% and where I will be a fellow member with other far-sighted citizens.

*Shares in 66th Series
now on sale.*

*The Pittsfield Co-operative Bank
139 North Street*

The **Berkshire Loan & Trust Co.**
Pittsfield, Mass.

invites a part of your Banking
Business. You can open a
Thrift Club with us for
any purpose and at
any time.

We would be pleased to have you call and become acquainted.

Have You A Little Fairy?

That old saw says, "Beauty is Only Skin Deep."

Brother, it's less than that—a little soap and water will remove it all.

Just Some Ads

"J. Baker wishes to announce he will make up capes, jackets, et cetera, for ladies out of their own skins."

"Respectable widow wants washing."

"Bulldog for sale. Will eat anything. Very fond of children."

"Boy wanted who can open oysters with references."

A True Story

Her—"I think Jo is the prettiest girl in school, don't you?"

He—"Yes, I do."

Her—"Oh, you horrid thing!"

Inquisitive One—"Is your son in favor of "Daylight Saving."

Mr. Barnfather—"I think he must be. If he keeps on going out nights, soon he won't be using any daylight at all."

Berkshire Mutual Fire Insurance Co.

PITTSFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS

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Pianos and Musical Merchandise
VICTROLAS AND RECORDS

PITTSFIELD

NORTH ADAMS

Ray of Hope!

Fair One (at baseball game)—"Do you think that you will win the game?"

Ferris—"Yes, I think so."

Garrity has a sore arm, Bridges, a charley horse, and De Bloise a broken thumb,—but Hopper is going to umpire for us.

When fashion enters the door, bills fly in the window.

Peace

R. Durant—"I've borrowed the Mapletoft's victrola for this evening."

B. Humphreville—"Giving a party?"

R. Durant—"No, I'm going to have at least one quiet evening this year."

Wow!

Marion (during quarrel)—"You talk like an idiot!"

Betty—"I have to talk so you can understand me."

SISSON'S

West Street, Pittsfield

*The Place of the Best in Automobiles
and Automobile Needs*

Watch Out

"Isn't that music heavenly?" "Cliff" asked his partner, soulfully.

"Doesn't it simply lift you off your feet?"

"It doesn't seem quite as heavenly as all that," retorted Fannie, with some acerbity. "At least it doesn't seem to lift you off mine."

So you are studying history, my little man. Study hard?

Yes ma'm.

What kind of history—United States, ancient, modern or what?

I don't know yet. We've only been at it about a month, and my book hasn't any cover on it.

But!

Peck—"How old is that girl you were with?"

Kenyon—"Sixteen."

Peck—"Oh, sweet sixteen and—"

Kenyon—"No, sweet sixteen but—"

The "Bell System"

Theatrical Manager—"Have you ever done any public speaking?"

Hopper—"I once proposed to a girl over the phone in my home town."

Edward A. Larkin**Fine Custom Tailoring**

Miller Building, 184 North St.,
PITTSFIELD, MASS.

*A large assortment of im-
ported fabrics always
on hand...*

We want your account...



**THE THIRD NATIONAL BANK
OF PITTSFIELD.**

Ouch!

Algernon—"The dentist tells me I have a large cavity that needs filling."

Geraldine—"Did he recommend any particular course of study?"

Deep

Joe Miller claims that the oldest joke is the one about the bird in the deaf and dumb asylum, who when a water heater exploded, broke his thumb yelling "Fire."

Huh!

History Teacher—"What's a coat of mail?"

Shipton—"I know."

History Teacher—"Well tell us, Clifford."

Shipton—"It's a knight shirt."

Camouflage

Mary has a little rat

It surely is a beaut

It goes whenever Mary goes

That's why she looks so cute.

**The Pittsfield
National Bank**
Solicits Your Account

Any business in this locality with which you may decide to entrust us will be treated with Courtesy, Accuracy and Promptness.

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Corner North and West Streets

PITTSFIELD,

MASSACHUSETTS

Crackers

Wouldn't it be fine if a boy could learn other things as easily as he does cuss words!

It is usually the woman who looks like a marshmallow herself who notices that other women use too much powder.

Behave!

"Gladys celebrated her birthday last week," announced Alice.

"Did she take the day off?" inquired Virginia.

"The day? She took about two years off."

We have compulsory education in this country. And yet most any High School Princess will give two dollars to a Fortune Teller for the information that she is going to marry a tall, handsome man with curly hair and live happily ever after.

Our Information Bureau

When you take the old Bus home in this country, you put it in the garage. When you take your auto home in Germany you put it in the Kraftwagen-einstellraum.

Everything in the line of SPORTS



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SPORTING GOODS

277 North Street, (Opposite Y. M. C. A.)

A Snap Course

Soph—"You ought to take chloroform?"

Talkative Frosh—"Who teaches it?"

How About It?

Frosh—"Oh, I beg your pardon for walking on your feet."

Senior—"Don't mention it. I walk on them myself, you know."

Gr-r-r!

Archie had just returned home after leaving college—by request. Far from providing a fatted calf for the prodigal son, Father started out to tell him just what he thought of him. He had just got through with describing the fifty-seven varieties of saphead he believed his offspring to be, when the entrance of the office manager interrupted the scene.

"Well, well, Archie!" said the last heartily. "Glad to see you back. How you've grown! You're getting more and more like your father every day."

"So Dad was just saying," replied Archie sweetly.

Good Old Saturday Night

Teacher—"Why is cleanliness next to godliness?"

Pupil—"Because it comes the day before Sunday."

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At all Times
For all Occasions



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PITTSFIELD

Dan Hickey, Prop.

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MASS.

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Building

Voice (over the telephone)—“Is this the hoisery department?”

Clerk—“Yes, ma'am, what can I do for you?”

Voice—“I want a pair of flesh colored stockings.”

Clerk—“What color, pink, white or black?”

Burns—“Where we goin' tonight, Bob?”

Bob—“I dono, trow up er nicker an' if it comes down heads we go t' de dance, if it stands on edge, we go home and study.

A fellow may like to be popular but it certainly does wear out a lot of hats.

You may rave about youth and beauty

And everything like that;

But the girl worth while is the girl who can smile

While she's wearing her last year's hat.

'Tis love that makes the arm go 'round.

Once an Englishman and a Frenchman were about to part on the Boulevard des Anglais. The Englishman called back, “Au reservoir.” The Frenchman answered with a cheerful, “Tanks.”

PUPILS - ALUMNI - ADVERTISERS

Students of Pittsfield High:—Let us build up a better spirit in our school. Send us your contribution. The PEN is the logical place to express yourselves. Work together.

Alumni of Pittsfield High:—Subscribe to the PEN. Keep in touch with what is happening at your school. Drop a line to the Editor when you have something to say that you think may be of interest.

Advertisers:—The PEN provides an excellent medium for your advertising. It finds its way into the homes of a thousand readers. We are pleased to have served you in the past and we hope to continue to serve you in the future.

The PEN is a Pittsfield High School production, supported by the student body and the public, and is printed in Pittsfield.

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AT THIS STORE.

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Established 1858

Pittsfield, Massachusetts

SUN PRINTING CO. PITTSFIELD, MASS.

The Student's Pen

Senior
Dance
Number



**Pittsfield
High School**

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